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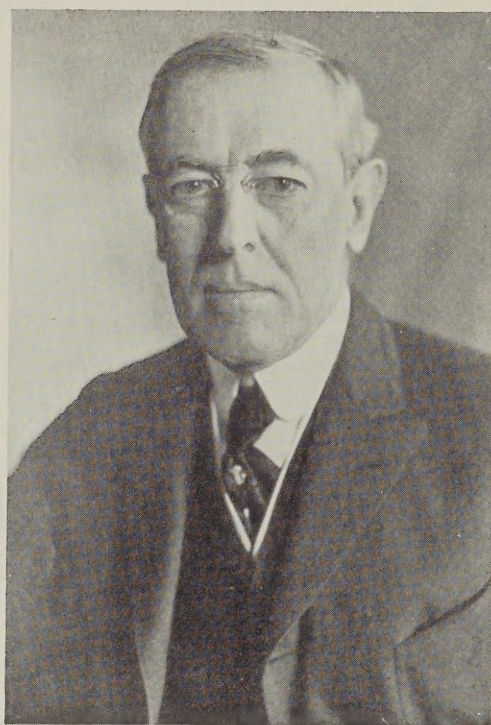
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THE WILSONIAN
of
1933

Published by the Senior Class

of

Woodrow Wilson High School
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA



WOODROW WILSON

Foreword

The staff, has endeavored to create a book that will be a lasting and pleasant memory in the hearts and minds of the Class of '33. If this book serves its purpose, we shall have great pleasure in knowing that our efforts have been fruitful.



Dedication

In loving gratitude and deepest respect for her untiring efforts in guiding us, we the Senior Class of 1933 dedicate this seventh volume of the WILSONIAN, to

MRS. ETHEL H. DAVIES.

Faculty



PROFESSOR R. C. JENNINGS

Superintendent of Waynesboro Public Schools

The friend of every student, the advisor of each teacher, the guiding spirit in the progressive development of schools in Waynesboro—thus we pay tribute to Mr. R. C. Jennings, our principal and superintendent.



Faculty

PROFESSOR R. C. JENNINGS

MR. JOHN V. FENTRESS

MRS. ETHEL DAVIES

MR. F. BERKLEY GLENN

MRS. CHARLES M. PACE, JR.

MR. HARRY L. GRUBBS

MISS RUTH ROYSTON

MR. CHARLES HARMON

MISS TENNIE VAUGHN

MR. MILLER RITCHIE

MISS EVELYN COYNER

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Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois; Science Course at University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.

MRS. CHARLES M. PACE, JR.

Typing I, II, Shorthand, Bookkeeping

Special courses at University of Richmond, University of Virginia, and Beacom's Business College, Wilmington, Delaware.

MR. CHARLES D. HARMON

English II, Math III, IV, Physics

B. A., B. S. E., C. E., University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.

MISS EVELYN COYNER

Secretary

Commercial Course, Woodrow Wilson High School.



In Appreciation

FOR THE WORK OF

MRS. CHARLES M. PACE, JR.

AND

MR. MILLER RITCHIE

Faculty Advisers for the Wilsonian

Senior Class Sponsors

Coaches of Senior Play



PROFESSOR A. C. KIMLER

School History

WHILE glancing through an old annual of the Waynesboro High School, I was surprised to see a picture of a little 2x4 schoolhouse of unpainted, weather-beaten wood, with one chimney, about three windows, and heaven knows how many doors! Just imagine my embarrassment when I discovered that this one-hoss establishment was the high school building!

I just wonder what Professor A. C. Kimler thought when he saw that building. He came here, you know, in 1909. At this time, however, both the grammar grades and high school classes were held in what is now the Jackson Primary School Building. This, at least was some improvement over the previous concoction! Some three hundred proud and happy pupils received their mental training by the combined efforts of eight over-worked teachers.

As Waynesboro became prosperous, and grew larger and larger, with a decided increase in population, the good citizens began planning another school building. Thus it was that in 1912 work was begun on the present Jackson Grammar School building. There was some delay in work, however, for one of the men got it in his head that there should be a hall upstairs. As nobody else would agree with him, he stubbornly kept the others from working. Today, we can see that both sides won, for there are two halls!

Had it not been for the foresight of our Professor Kimler, perhaps we would not have had this building. He had a hard fight for it, but, as usual, was the victor

On account of ill health, Superintendent Kimler retired from the position of Superintendent, but continued teaching. Mr. D. P. Hurley succeeded Professor Kimler as Superintendent. Accordingly, Mr. Hurley was in charge of the school system from 1921 to 1927. Then Professor R. C. Jennings assumed the position, and seems to have been very successful.

Today, we may find Professor Kimler at the court, with the title of Trial Justice A. C. Kimler.

Now that we've got beer, I'm sure Mr. Kimler will not object to a friendly little toast in his honor.

Every graduate of this '33 class shall always carry a memory of Professor Kimler, and the respect he demands can know no end! And so, here's to Professor A. C. Kimler, with all our hearts!



PROFESSOR R. C. JENNINGS

Mrs. Ethel H. Davies is another deserving pioneer of our school system. When she landed in this burg in 1914 (no doubt she wished she were back in the wild and wooly West!) there were four high school teachers and four departments. They were English, Science, Latin, and Math. Mrs. Davies, in charge of the Science Department, taught history to the open-mouthed students who had never been given such a slant on history.

Only those who have been in her classes can know how much Mrs. Davies has helped the growth of the Science Departments. Here one can hardly say, "Such patience must be deserved," for the students were certainly trying. Also, we must pay tribute to Mrs. Davies for her kindness in the directing of several very successful plays. Most of the proceeds from these plays were spent for science equipment. Hail, Mrs. Davies!

The first laboratory supplies were bought in 1915, and can't you just see the bright-eyed youngsters as they broke test-tubes and spilled acids! or as they cut off frog legs, and looked at lice with the microscope? Part of these supplies (not lice!) are still being used by science students.

In 1915, twenty-four proud students graduated. My, my, my! Just twenty-four, and we have forty-four!

About all the excitement during 1916-1917 was that furnished by the continual struggle between the Maury and Cary Societies, into which the entire school was divided. What a time they had trying to get the better of each other! In those good old days, every citizen of Waynesboro attended the debate and public speaking contests of these two brilliant groups. With shining eyes, and proud smiles, mothers and fathers would say, "My Annie is on the debate tonight. Yes, she's a Maury! Oh, yes, Maury's the *only* thing! Nothing can beat the Maury Club!" Then the Cary upholder would stride past the Maury enthusiast with a slightly up-turned nose and perhaps the tiniest hint of a snort. *She* knew that *Cary* was *the thing*!

More and more teachers were added to the faculty, until in 1926 there were six teachers, and the next year, seven. This was a few years after the construction of the Wilson High building, in 1922.

Wilson High School got one good deal, at least. That happened in 1927 when Mr. Jennings was installed. Of course, we were lucky in having had Professor Kimler and Mrs. Davies, but we must admit that we could never have done without Professor Jennings' educational sagacity and good, sound common sense.



MRS. ETHEL DAVIES

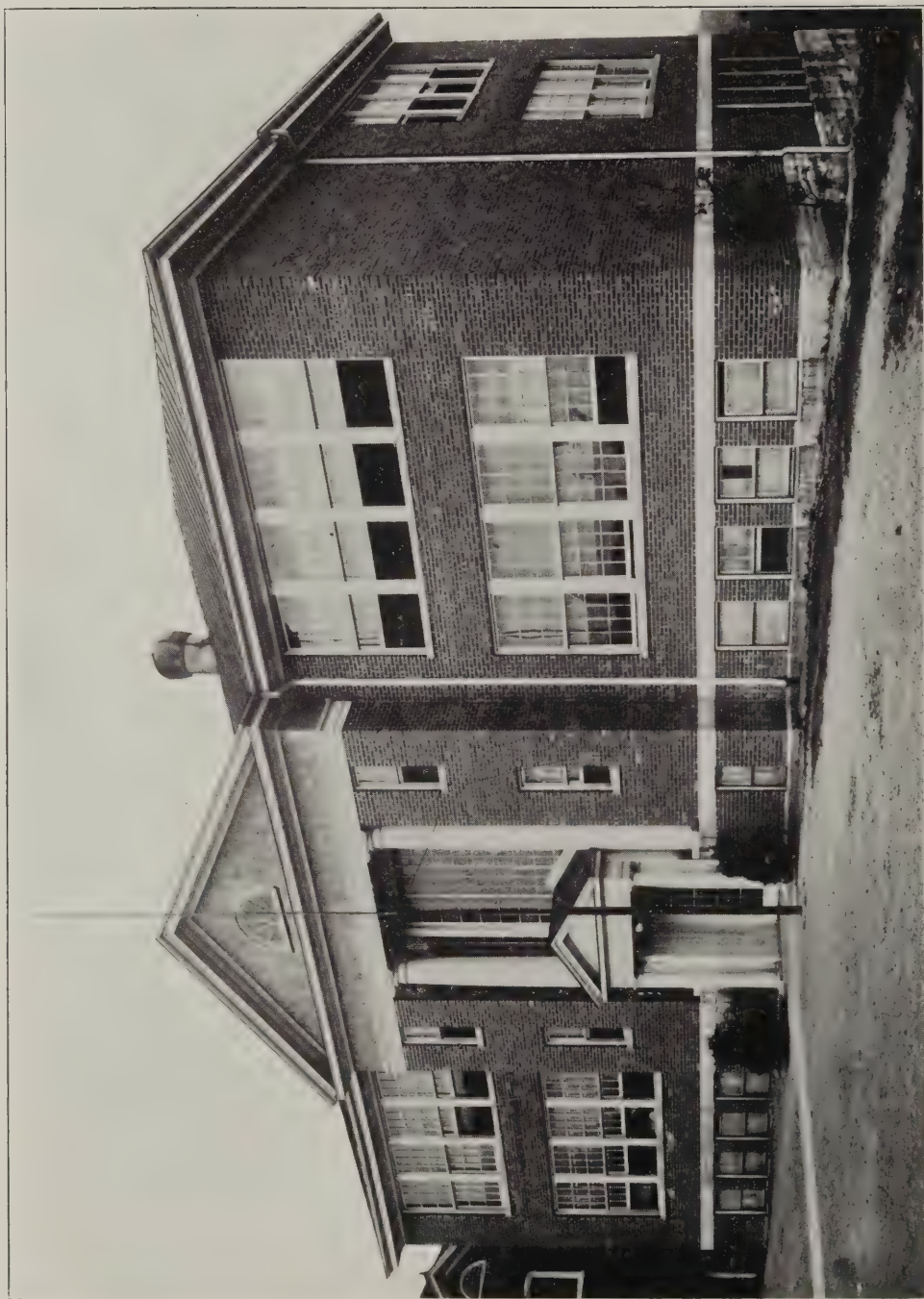
There was, at that time, a general improvement in the high school. Additional land was purchased, and paid for! A business department; a regular History Department; and a better Home Economics Department were established. Besides all this, athletics gradually improved. We owe much of this improvement to the P. T. A., which has backed the school since 1912, and hasn't failed yet!

Fathers and mothers have been able to keep track of their children's work better through Parent's Night, which was also established in co-operation with the P. T. A.

Then, there has been a recent addition to Wenonah School. Have you noticed how much our school system has improved since Mr. Jennings came here? Not since Professor Kimler was Superintendent has such progress taken place in this school. Indeed, we should be a grateful class; I wonder if we are enough so!!!

It seems that our dear old school climbs a notch higher each year. If it isn't one thing it's two! And, oh dear, how we hate to leave before it has reached the height, for we're quite sure it will!

—E. H.



WOODROW WILSON HIGH SCHOOL

Classes

Senior Class

MOTTO

"Too low they build, who build beneath the stars."

CLASS OFFICERS

CARLYLE KENNEDY	<i>President</i>
PAUL GROVE	<i>Vice-President</i>
DOROTHEA FRYE	<i>Secretary</i>
HAMPTON BAYLOR	<i>Treasurer</i>
MRS. CHARLES M. PACE, JR., MR. MILLER RITCHIE	<i>Sponsors</i>

HAROLD ALDHIZER

"HAL"

Lanier Society, Glee Club, Senior Play, Reading Contest, Track.

"I love fool's experiments. I am always making them."

MARGARET BAKER

"BOBBIE"

Poe Society, Spanish Club.

"Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven."

HAMPTON BAYLOR

"BONY"

Football, Basketball, Tennis Club, Treasurer of Senior Class, Business Manager of Senior Play.

"Stand to your work and be wise—."

JOSEPHINE BARNETT

"Jo"

President Lanier Society, Member Student Council, Editor-in-Chief of WILSONIAN, Spelling Contest.

"A true friend is forever a friend."

CURTIS BOWMAN

"B. B."

President Poe Society, Senior Play, Basketball.

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

MARY SUE BOOKER

"SOOKY"

Poe Society, President Student Council, Senior Play, Assistant Librarian.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty."





GORDON BREUER

"BREUER"

Captain Football, Track and Basketball.

"A happy soul."



MARY JANE BUSH

"JANE"

Poe Society.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."



DAVID COINER

"DAVE"

Lanier Society, Circulation Manager of Wilsonian, Public Speaking, Senior Play, Football, Baseball.

"With words we govern men."



MARGUERITE CHILDRESS

Poe Society, Glee Club, Public Speaking, Reading.

"Studios to please, yet not ashamed to fail."



CLEMMER COYNER

"CLEM"

Vice-President Poe Society, Captain Basketball, Vice-President Vocational Club.

"I loafe and invite my soul."



MARY SUE COINER

Lanier Society, Student Council.

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set."

MARION COYNER

Poe Society.

*"Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is
shallow as Time."*

NELLIE BROWN COYNER

Poe Society, Photographic Editor of
WILSONIAN.

*"The social smile, the sympathetic
tear."*

PAUL GROVE

Senior Play, Baseball, Poe Society,
Vice-President Senior Class.

"The star of the unconquered will."

HAZEL COYNER

"SHORTY"

Senior Play, Poe Society, 4-H Club.

"Dreamer of dreams."

WILSON HEWITT

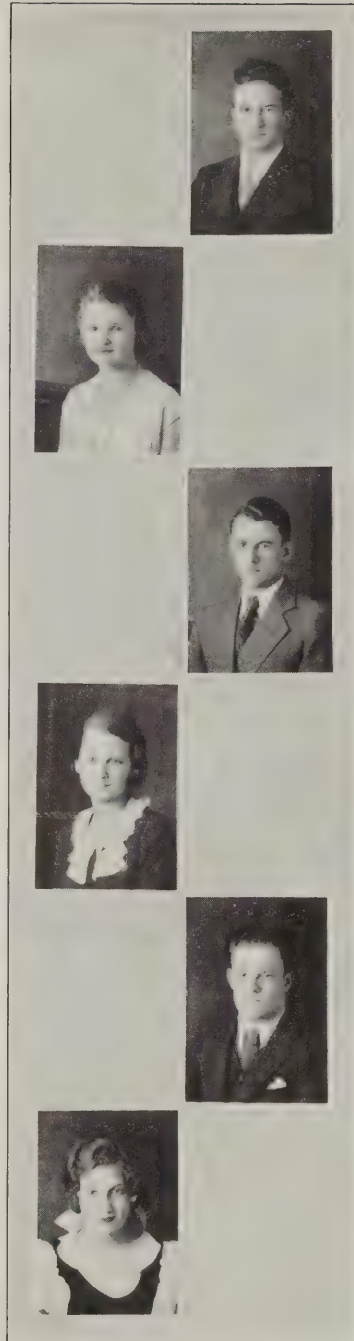
Member 4-H Club, Poe Society.

*"Come, give us a taste of your
quality."*

ANNE DALLY

Poe Society, Senior Play.

"I bear a charmed life."





WOODROW HEWITT

President Lanier Society.

*"Let any man speak long enough, he
will get believers."*



MARY ANN DUNLAP

"POLLY"

Senior Play, Choral Club, 4-H Club,
Girl Reserve, Poe Society, Athletic
Council.

"Variety is the Mother of Enjoyment."



EMORY HOLLAR

"DOC"

Spanish Club, Football, Basketball,
Baseball, Senior Play.

*"I have had my day and my
philosophies."*



DOROTHEA FRYE

"DOT"

Secretary Senior Class, Spanish Club,
Poe Society, Senior Play.

*"The word for me is Joy, just simple
Joy."*



CARLYLE KENNEDY

"SCRAGGLES"

President of Senior Class, President
of Athletic Council; Spanish Club,
Poe Society, Baseball, Football.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it."



MILDRED GUINN

"MILLIE"

Lanier Society.

"Truth bath a quiet breast."

JACK LOUGH

"SQUIRT"

Assistant Art Editor of WILSONIAN,
Basketball.

*"A friend may well be reckoned the
masterpiece of Nature."*

ELIZABETH HENKEL

Business staff of Senior Play.

"The silence that is in the starry sky."

WILLIAM McCLUNG

"JERRY"

Football, Poe Society, 4-H Club,
Track Team, Senior Play.

"There is no wisdom like frankness."

ELOISE HENKEL

Spanish Club, Senior Play, Art Ed-
itor of WILSONIAN, Secretary of Lanier
Society, Assistant Librarian, Girl Re-
serve.

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

ROBERT OAS

"BOB"

Tennis Club.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

RUTH McCARTY

Basketball, Poe Society, 4-H Club,
Vice-President of Girl Reserves, Ten-
nis Club.

*"Thoughts are mightier than strength
of hand."*





CHARLES PHIPPS

"CHARLIE"

Tennis Club.

"All Nature wears one universal grin."



ODELLES JONES

"DELL"

Poe Society, Senior Play.

*"A good heart is better divine than all
the heads in the world."*



JOE TERRY

Poe Society.

*"Everything comes if a man will only
wait."*



MARIE KIBLER

Home Ec. Club, Spanish Club, Basketball.

*"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to
Nature."*



JOHN YANCEY

"MOOCHIE"

Senior Play, Poe Society, Business
Manager of WILSONIAN.

*"In the Spring a young man's
fancy—."*



LUCILE MARION

"CELEY"

Poe Society.

*"The soul's calm sunshine, and the
heartfelt joy."*

KATHERINE McCRARY

"PUGGY"

Poe Society.

"Dare to be true."

ALSIE MYERS

"TOOTS"

Spanish Club, Poe Society.

"Beauty seen is never lost."

LOIS PLEASANTS

Assistant Librarian, Senior Play,
Lanier Society.

*"Rising and reaching upward to the
skies."*

DOROTHY ROSS

Poe Society, Spanish Club, Senior
Play, Associate Editor of WILSONIAN.

"The poetry of speech."

GLENNA ROSS

G. B.

Poe Society, Secretary-Treasurer of
Glee Club; Basketball, 4-H Club, Girl
Reserve.

"Hospitality sitting with Gladness."

LORRAINE YANCEY

"RENA"

Poe Society.

*"Without Laughter, Life is not worth
Living."*





MARY HUGHES

Assistant Stage Manager for Senior Play.

*"And unextinguish'd laughter shakes
the skies."*

ROBERT KLINE

"Better late than never."

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, and just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how ways lead on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

—FROST.

Class History

IN SEPTEMBER, nineteen hundred twenty-nine, we entered the Woodrow Wilson High School—eighty-six rowdy and vigorous Freshmen. Of course we were delighted with our new school life. The old restraint of the grammar grades was gone and in its place we found more freedom and independence. The future gleamed before us as a beautiful vision, filled with success and triumph. However, this rosy picture did not last very long. We were soon put in our place by the upper classmen and forced to settle down to the routine of high school life. Under the direction of Mrs. Davies, we presented the play, "Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard," the proceeds of which were used to purchase new literature and equipment for the Science department.

The next year was a more serious one for us. We were then the high and mighty Sophomores, who found delight in ridiculing the poor Freshmen. Mr. Kimler had to contend with most of us, but a few were sent to Mr. Fentress. Mrs. Davies was patient enough to help us again with our class play, "Pollyanna."

Then we became Juniors. When we moved upstairs we were compelled to act with more dignity in order to keep pace with the Seniors, our next door neighbors. Again our class was divided and some were sent to Mrs. Pace's room while others were put on Miss Dickerson's roll. The most important event of this year was the play, "Only Sally Ann," also directed by Mrs. Davies. All of us appreciated the kind help of Mrs. Davies in presenting our class plays.

In September, nineteen hundred thirty-two, our dream was beginning to be realized. It was then that we started on our adventure as Seniors.

A group of thirteen girls remained in Mrs. Pace's room, while the other Seniors were sent to Mr. Ritchie, the new teacher of the Senior Class.

Early in April, plans were made for the Senior plays. This year, instead of having one long play, the faculty decided that it would be better to have three short one-act plays, in order that more members of our class might be used successfully. The three plays chosen were, a comedy, "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy"; a biblical play, "The Prodigal Comes Home"; and a tragedy, "Half-Way Jimmy."

The commencement finals were also changed this year. Instead of having the old type of program with a speaker, a salutatorian, and a valedictorian, our class has had entire charge and has presented a program centered around the theme, "Our School," in which we have tried to show what our school has been doing for the past ten years, the cost of educating us, and what we should represent, morally, mentally, and socially, now that we have completed our courses.

We have had a glorious time during our school life. While we were Freshmen, high school was a vision; now that we are graduating, it will soon be a memory.

—H. C. AND L. P.

Class Prophecy

I'D OFTEN heard that old poem, "Hitch your wagon to a star, etc." I wondered what would happen if I did. So I got out my little wagon, hitched it to a faraway star, and off I went! Before long I found that I had arrived in a very strange country. My eyes opened wide when a queer-looking little man rushed up to me. He bowed to the ground with a sweeping gesture, saying as he did so, "And now, Madame, ye have arrived in the Land of Wishes, and anything that ye desire ye shall have it, but let me warn ye first, that ye can have only one wish." I thought quickly, and then I turned to the little man and said, "I'd like to see the Senior Class of 1933 ten years from now."

The first person I saw was a man dressed in a gorgeous uniform swaggering along the streets of New York. I looked closer and saw that it was—yes, it was Harold Aldhizer. "Goodness!" I remarked to myself, "Harold must have made good. I see he's a general now." My guide spoke up, "Yes, General Nuisance."

Next I found myself in court. A beautiful woman was sitting in the witness chair. The judge called out, "Dorothea Frye Taliaferro Patterson, accused of polyandry." I always knew that Dot would get into trouble with her numerous boy friends, but I certainly didn't think she would have more than one husband at the same time!

My guide then led me into a little valley snuggled down among the mountains. We came across a charming little cottage covered with roses and with chubby little children playing in the yard. We heard a woman's voice reciting softly,

"And next I think I'd like to have
Gay windows all about—
Roses peeping in you know,
And babies peeping out."

She suddenly stopped and called, "Charlie!" I stopped short. I knew who inhabited that house. It was Marguerite Childress. And then—a manly voice was heard singing in the distance, "Just an echo—Yoo hoo! In the valley below, but it brings back sweet memories of you." Charlie was coming home.

Next I entered a noted sanatorium. I saw a fragile, white-faced woman pleading fretfully with her nurse. I drew closer and saw that it was Ruth McCarty. "Well," I said to myself, "This is a surprise! Wonder what happened to Ruth?" "She had a nervous breakdown," my guide told me, "She was so rushed by the men of Waynesboro that she broke down completely." Poor girl! I sympathized with her, for she was just another one of those girls who had had a hectic time managing her many admirers!

The next thing I knew I was in a large theatre in New York. A dainty, light-haired girl flitted gracefully across the stage. Going closer to the stage, I perceived that it was—Lois Pleasants! She had been voted the person most likely to succeed in the Senior Class of '33, and her success was verified by the roof-raising applause that followed her exit from the stage. On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined! Lois had "arrived!"

I went from here to the White House where I saw a stately-looking gentleman descending the stairs. "He is the President of the United States," my guide told me. As he came closer, I recognized Marion Coiner. So "Horsey" was at last seated in the presidential chair! Just then a lovely woman joined her husband and the two went into dinner. The woman was Elizabeth Henkel!

I was back in the streets of Waynesboro. Two men and a woman, dressed in Salvation Army costumes, were standing in the rain singing. One could see that they were trying to be good influences. And then I recognized them—the woman was Katherine McCrary, and the men were Robert Kline and Charles Phipps.

Suddenly I was in a large hotel which was overflowing with people. I watched the lovely manager as she took down from the wall a copy of the rules of the hotel, saying as she did so, "I guess I'll have to make a new set of rules, and maybe some of these people will go away." I recognized that voice—it was Lucile Marion, and the placard that she had taken down from the wall read, "This hotel has only two rules: Guests are expected to bury their own dead, and no one is allowed to use cocaine in the elevator." No wonder so many people were coming there!

I walked into a ramshackle studio in New York. I beheld two persons busily painting. It was Eloise Henkel and the man was Jack Lough. As they had been voted the most talented persons in the Senior Class of '33, I thought I would take a peep at their paintings and see if they had developed their talent. I did so and was bewildered. Their paintings looked like explosions in a dye factory! Indeed, it was not for me to say whether they had developed their talents or not! Only a master of art could decide that!

I wandered into a very queer place. I was in the deaf-and-dumb school at Staunton. I saw a red-headed woman pacing the floor of a little room, crying pitifully. My guide told me that she had lost her power of speech a few months before. As I came closer, I recognized that beautiful red hair—it was "Polly" Dunlap. My heart bled for her but I couldn't help saying to myself, "I told you so! I never did believe in perpetual motion!"

Then I saw a man standing on a box in a large park in New York. I was astonished when I recognized him. It was Joe Terry. I wondered what on earth he was trying to convince the people of that took so much energy. And then my guide told me that he was expounding the theory that the world was neither round nor flat, but that it was crooked! No wonder the people would not believe him!

Then I was taken to a large theatre again. This time the stage was presided over by a tall, dignified-looking woman. It was Josephine Barnett, and she opened the program with a piano solo. Perhaps Paderewski or Josef Hofmann could have done as well, but Josephine would never have admitted it!

Next I was in an old-fashioned school house in the country. I beheld the benign-looking teacher peering nearsightedly over his spectacles and drawling softly, "Waal, children, if you will just do as I say, I'll let you out of this hot school house and you can go swimming for the rest of the day." By the applause and cries of cheer that followed this statement, I could see that he was a beloved teacher. Going closer, I saw that it was—of all creatures—Curtis Bowman! I always knew that he was fond of Mr. Ritchie, but I didn't think he would try to copy him to that extent!

And now familiar scenes again greeted my visual senses and I found myself back on the streets of Waynesboro. I saw coming toward me a large crowd of women—but no, there was one man among them. I asked the reason for this man's popularity, and was told that he was a rare specimen of that age—he was a goodlooking, wealthy, *unattached* male! I immediately wanted to know who that remarkable person was, so I went closer to the crowd and saw Hampton Baylor struggling frantically to rid himself of the caressing arms of the men-eating women around him. But I was not surprised. I always knew that "Bony" would remain a bachelor even if he were on the South Sea Islands.

I suddenly found myself in Washington, D. C. I heard a blare of loud, triumphant music and saw coming down Pennsylvania Avenue a large parade. At first I thought it was a presidential parade, but my guide told me that it was a celebration of the appointment of the first woman body-guard of the President of the United States. As the parade drew closer, I saw a drunken man lurch toward this guard and chuck her sweetly under the chin. Without getting out of step with the music, she quickly shifted her gun to her left arm; gave the man a blow that landed him with a loud thump on the other side of the street; calmly dusted her hands, and went on as if nothing had happened. My eyes opened in astonishment. What-a-woman! But when I saw that woman, I was not surprised. It was Marie Kibler.

Around me I heard laughter and shrill voices, at the county fair in Staunton. I heard a man calling out, "Ladies and Gentlemen, come and see the Eighth Wonder of the world! A woman who can giggle continually, chew chewing gum at the rate of a mile a minute, and ask all manner of silly questions at the same time;—come and see her—" his voice dwindled into silence as I bought a ticket and entered the tent. There, sitting on a platform, dressed in a gaudy dress of red, was Mary Hughes. Another person to whom I felt like saying, "I told you so!"

I saw being enacted, before me a scene of violent energy. I saw a man with a mask on and with a gun in his hand being chased by two other men, who soon left them far behind. Finally they dropped down by the wayside, and when one man had recovered his breath he asked crossly, "Why didn't you catch that man? Why, you couldn't catch the smallpox if there was an epidemic of it and you hadn't been vaccinated!" I wondered who the sheriff was that was so lazy and inefficient, and going closer, I saw that it was Woodrow Hewitt and the person who was reproving him so sternly was his beloved twin, Wilson Hewitt!

My guide led me into a speakeasy with modernistic decorations. The owner of the speakeasy announced that the next number on the program that night would be a dance by the famous "My Dancing Team." The unusual title attracted my attention. What on earth did the My stand for? Then—a beautiful woman and a handsome, dapper man glided out on the platform in front of the room. As they came in the light, I knew what that My stood for. It stood for Myers-Yancey Dancing Team. The dancers were Toots Myers and John Yancey.

I was back in Waynesboro. I saw all over town advertisements telling of a certain picture that was now showing at the Wayne Theatre. "Come and see this picture and get a thrill that you've never before experienced!" read the advertisements. When I entered the theatre I saw being shown on the screen a close-up of the main character of the picture, with the following words written below, "Local Boy Makes Good!" David Coiner, the best-looking boy in the Senior Class of '33, is now a second Clark Gable! The huge mass of people seated in the theatre arose in a body to pay fitting tribute to the beloved hero who was once a local boy. I arose with them. I had experienced my thrill!

Suddenly I found myself on a small ship. I saw a healthy-looking sailor standing on the deck, stretching his arms joyously and singing in a bass voice, "My bonny lies over the ocean; my bonny lies over the sea—" When he said this he looked up toward the sky and stretched his arms as if he thought he would recover his lost bonny, as he came closer, I saw that it was Bob Oas! I always knew Bob would use his strength to a good advantage.

Then I saw a little house in the Blue Ridge Mountains. A woman came out in the bright sunshine with a little boy in her arms. She had a brush in her hand, and she started brushing the little boy's hair. "Your hair is just like Bill's," she told the baby. "It has the biggest cowlick in the back that just *won't* come out!" Yes, it was Nellie Brown Coyner, and the baby was unmistakably a little Culton.

I was in a missionary's home in Africa. The missionary came in through the door with one white child and three little Africans tagging along behind her. The little white child giggled. "Stop your silly giggling, Mary, and do as I say!" the missionary commanded. The little child was hurt. "But Mother," she said, "you used to giggle like that too." "I know, but I've changed lately. Please do as I say!" The four children left the room. When she was alone, the woman giggled hysterically and exclaimed, "Oh, to think that I'd ever end up by being a missionary!" When I recognized her, I thought the same thing. It was Odelle Jones.

It was a great kingdom I next encountered. I saw huge crowds of people laughing merrily. No one seemed to be working. Then I saw coming toward me the King. Soon after he joined a certain group of merry-makers, I noticed that he was the happiest and most joyous person in the group. As I drew closer to the group I recognized the King—it was Clemmer Coyner! As Clemmer was the laziest boy in the Senior Class of '33, I didn't think he had enough energy to gain the position of King! But my guide told me that he had had no trouble in getting this kingship—that it just suited him. He was the King of Misrule!

My guide and I next entered a little village church. I saw seated in the chair a very beautiful young maiden who blushing returned the bold winks of the village sheiks, sitting in the back of the church. One could see that she was the established belle of the village. Then—she arose, her mouth opened and music soared into the air. As she closed with a triumphant shriek and sat down I saw that it was Mary Sue Booker. I always knew the "Sooky" had several remarkable talents!

The scene changed and I was in a little one-room country school. I saw the efficient young teacher point to the blackboard with her ruler saying as she did so, "Now children, as you should know by this time, one and one make two, and two and two make four." Just then the door opened and the handsome county superintendent walked in. When the teacher had finished her somewhat breathless explanation of why two and two made four, she looked at the superintendent to see if he approved of her teaching methods. From the pleased look on his face she gathered that he did and so she announced that it was time for recess. When the children had straggled out, the young man started giving her a

few points on the mysteries of teaching. Then—under cover of looking at her high school ring, he secured her hands, and thus they continued their conversation. Going closer to the couple, I saw that the happy young teacher was Mary Sue Coiner, and the handsome superintendent was Paul Grove! You know, I always suspected Mary Sue of having a secret passion for the boys—especially for Paul!

I followed my guide into the Waynesboro Public Library and I saw the librarian patiently going from one person to another helping each to find the book he wanted, etc. Then a country youth entered (it being Saturday) and sheepishly demanded her advice as to whether he should read "The House-of-Dreams-Come-True" or "The Red-Headed Woman." When she assured him that she thought "The House-of-Dreams-Come-True" would suit his temperament, he squeezed her hand shyly and asked her in a stage-whisper if she would help make his House-of-Dreams come true. Quickly drawing away from him, she exclaimed haughtily in a superior voice, "My dear boy, if you were just a shade greener than you are, you could grow!" And indignantly walked away. Going closer, I saw that it was Mildred Guinn and William McClung!

Then I passed a large white building, out of which a most appetizing odor came floating. I decided to go in and find out the reason for such a delicious odor. As I entered a neat-looking person dressed in white stepped forward. I asked her if I might speak to the owner of the establishment and was told that she was the owner. "I am the owner," she explained, "This is Margaret Baker, and I am the baker of this bakery."

I found myself in a bewildering place. All around me were dazzling beauties dressed in riotous colors and everyone there was talking loudly. I finally gathered from the scraps of conversation flung in my direction that I was at a beauty contest that was being held at a famous bathing resort in France. Then the fleshy-looking gentleman standing on a stand erected in the middle of the beach suddenly rapped for order. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he yelled, "We are brought here today in a happy cause—that of selecting the most beautiful young woman in the world that is—" A cheer went up from the crowd, drowning his last word. Then the beauty winners from the various countries of the world strolled by him, and at his command they ran, walked, jumped, crawled, and performed many other gymnastic feats. Finally they were allowed to rest and the judge, after considering several minutes, arose. "It gives me the greatest pleasure, ladies and gentlemen," he droned out, "to announce that the two American beauties win first place in this Brainless Beauty Contest held here today." Then, looking at the two indignant winners, he bowed with a flourish saying, "My dear girls, I wish to present to you this little prize as a token of good wishes from the whole world." But the two winners were still too dumbfounded to take it. They were Mary Jane Bush and Lorraine Yancey!

My guide told me to look in a certain barber shop and I did so. I watched the handsome young barber as he expertly shaved the man seated in his chair. All the time he was shaving him, words rolled fluently from his tongue and his caressing fingers as they gently patted the man's face seemed to soothe him to sleep. When the barber saw that his customer was almost asleep, he deftly reached his skilled fingers in his customer's pocket and pulled out a handful of greenbacks and change which he put into his own pocket for future use. Going closer, I saw that this efficient barber and pickpocket was Carlyle Kennedy! I always knew that Carlyle would make good use of his pleasing personality!

Around me were people rushing busily to and fro. Yes, I was in a large department store in New York. I saw a beautiful young lady trying to sell a dress meant for an eighteen-year old girl to an elderly lady of fifty. "Why my dear Mrs. Harper," she gushed, "that dress is just meant for you." The would-be customer shook her head dubiously. "I'm afraid it's too young for me," she protested. "Oh, no!" The honeyed words flowed from the young lady's efficient tongue, "Why, it looks simply marvelous on you!" She clasped her hands and rolled her eyes rapturously. "Well, I guess I'll take it then," the old lady smiled sweetly and tucked a fifty-dollar bill into the flattering saleslady's hand, saying as she did so, "There, my dear, just keep the change." Before the old lady knew what was happening, the happy young lady had thrown her beautifully molded arms around her neck and had kissed her soundly. Wondering who this gushing, enthusiastic, unusual saleslady was, I went closer and received the supreme shock of my life—it was Anne Dally!

The next person I encountered was a rather small, good-looking man who walked hurriedly down the street. When he reached a certain small door of an apartment in a secluded section of the town, he quickly entered and shut the door. I decided to hang around outside until he came out, and maybe I would find out why he was so afraid that someone would see him enter that door. About three hours later he came out. When I saw him, I laughed heartily. No wonder the poor embarrassed man didn't want anyone to see him! He had just gotten a permanent wave! And then, as I saw the man's face, my mouth flew open in astonishment—it was Emory Hollar!

Then I found myself upon a high mountain and saw before me a stately looking mansion. I saw behind this mansion a large building which was evidently the center of activities on that estate. Entering this building, I found that it was a brewery. At first I gasped with astonishment, then I remembered that the eighteenth amendment had been repealed long ago. I saw coming toward me a man and a woman and several little children. The woman had a jug to her mouth and was testing the latest production of her beer. I recognized the man—it was Gordon Breuer, and the woman was—yes, it was Hazel Coyner. I was greatly surprised. She, who was so against prohibition repeal in her high school days, was now operating a brewery and raising little Breuers!

Before me I saw a large, sunny room filled with children of all ages and all sizes. They were grouped around two little boys who were demonstrating their boxing abilities with much puffing and blowing and grunting. I saw trying to separate them a rather chunky little woman who only retired from the scene of battle when a stray blow landed on her somewhat already flattened nose. The other children chimed in with shrill voices, giving their opinions as to which was winning. They made so much noise that the desperate young woman clapped her hands over her ears and ran from the room, leaving the children to fight it out among themselves. Wondering who this poor young mother was, I followed her from the room and saw that it was my old friend, Dot Ross!

My guide bowed politely as he informed me that I had seen all of the members of the Senior Class of 1933 ten years from now. As I found myself back in my own home, I wondered whether I should tell my schoolmates what I had seen or not. Some of them would look toward the future eagerly, but I'm afraid that a few would hesitate, and no wonder! No, I would not tell those ambitious, hopeful Seniors what I had seen. I'd let them wait and find out for themselves!

—GLENN A. ROSS, *Prophet*.

Senior Class Will

WE, the Senior Class of Wilson High School, realizing that our battles have been completed and our enemies conquered, do feel it proper and fitting in this year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred thirty-three, to make certain bequests to those buddies who are next to occupy our positions. Thus we hereby draw up, publish, and declare, this, our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

To Wilson High, we leave the respect and devotion a soldier holds for his country; to her our sincere hope that she may successfully maintain her ideals through the years to come.

To the faculty we leave our thanks for their ever-patient and sympathetic work and advice to the Class of 1933.

ARTICLE II

I, Lois Pleasants, leave my love of study to anyone who loves it more.

I, Alsie Myers, leave my dancing ability to Dot Oas.

I, Anne Dally, bequeath my capacity for prom-trotting to anyone who would get as much kick out of it as I have.

I, Mary Sue Booker, bequeath my attractive nickname "Sooky" to any who deserve such an honor bestowed upon them.

I, Gordon Breuer, bequeath my razor, scarcely used, to my cousin, Sonny.

I, Emory Hollar, bequeath my standing invitation to Mr. Ritchie's "party" to Ted Kiger.

I, Marion Coiner, leave my "golden" silence to any miser who will promise to cherish it.

I, "Bony" Baylor, bequeath my excess avoirdupois to David Bowman.

I, Mary Jane Bush, leave my trade mark. (all my dimples), to any person desiring them.

I, Marguerite Childress, leave my boy-friend "Charlie" along with my public speaking ability, to any person who has political ambitions and a fondness for the name of "Charles."

I, Lorraine Yancey, bequeath my skillfulness at "make-up" work to Hilda Holbert.

I, Mary Hughes, leave my ability to ask outrageous questions to any person planning to become a newspaper reporter, or a school teacher.

I, Bob Oas, bequeath my fondness for argument to the star pupil of Mr. Fentress' History IV class of next year.

I, Hazel Coyner, bequeath my angelic voice to anyone desiring to rival Madam Schuman-Heink.

I, Ruth McCarty, leave my Freshman boy-friends to the next Senior who has a fondness for "rats."

I, William McClung, leave to Bill Nease my motto "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we diet!"

I, Harold Aldhizer, bequeath my exaggerated drawl to anyone who will accept it without argument.

I, Eloise Henkel, bequeath my profile to anyone with ambition to become the feminine John Barrymore.

I, Josephine Barnett, leave my tactfulness to the Editor of next year's annual.

I, Clemmer Coyner, leave my fatal attraction to the girls to Bill Grove.

I, Mildred Guinn, leave my ability as a linguist to Bill Culton, who is struggling manfully with the language of Cervantes.

I, Charles Phipps, leave my radicalism to Montagu Scott.

I, Dot Frye, bequeath my diary to the Senior History class to be used as a reference book on last year's current events.

I, John Yancey, leave my business ability to the business manager of next year's annual. He'll need it!

I, Katherine McCrary, leave my perpetual soberness to Jessie Witt.

I, Odelle Jones, bequeath my "giggles" to Elizabeth Driver.

I, Marie Kibler, leave my gift of sarcasm to the next Senior who can use it as effectively as I have done.

I, Nellie Brown Coyner, bequeath my patience to the next person who has to explain Physics problems to Glenna Ross.

I, Mary Sue Coiner, leave my position on the Student Council to the next Senior who doesn't mind explaining why only tennis shoes should be worn on the gym. floor.

I, Glenna Ross, bequeath by conversational ability to Mary E. Marks, who needs it as much as a centipede needs an extra leg.

I, Polly Dunlap, leave my position as cheer leader to the next red-headed Senior.

I, Paul Grove, leave my unusual nickname, Scrub, to the next Senior who deserves it.

I, Dave Coiner, bequeath my skill in collecting money to the next Senior who has to collect money for the sale of annuals.

I, Jack Lough, leave my picture to be used as an advertisement in none other magazine than Ballyhoo.

I, Margaret Baker, leave my permanent excuse for tardiness to Jessie Witt.

We, the Hewitt Twins, bequeath our "Chevvie" to the Girl's Basketball team to be used in transporting them from one victorious battle to another.

I, Carlyle Kennedy, bequeath my ability to entertain my classmates to Thelma Golliday, with the hope that she will attain the success that I have.

I, Lucile Marion, leave an autographed copy of my book Entitled "How to Keep That School-girl Complexion" to every girl in next year's Senior Class.

I, Joe Terry, bequeath my good looks to "Monk" Vass.

I, Elizabeth Henkel, leave all my mouse-like qualities to Jessie Witt.

I, Curtis Bowman, bequeath my permanent wave to Carl Craig.

To this document duly witnessed, we, the Senior Class of Wilson High School, on this second day of June in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred thirty-three, do affix our hand and seal.

CLASS OF 1933

DOROTHY ROSS, *Recorder*

What A High School Senior Should Represent

A DILIGENT student in passing through the various phases of schooling will have learned that there are two important factors which largely determine what a high school Senior should represent.

The first and most important factor is the standard which the school sets for the student and the methods adopted by the school to provide adequate instruction for the development of a student's mind, thus equipping it to meet present as well as future conditions.

As schooling is not and should not be altogether reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, there are many things which are not a part of the regular curriculum but are equally essential in the development of the student. The finer traditions of the school should naturally be perpetuated, and, of course, varied to meet changing conditions. The development of the right attitude toward the school is essential in building up what is commonly spoken of as school spirit. Loyalty to the school, to its rules, and to the faculty is of prime importance; and unless this spirit of loyalty is fostered, the proper amount of co-operation and co-ordination can not be obtained.

Sports and athletic activities should be sponsored and encouraged, in order to develop the body as well as the mind. In participating in these activities, it is important that a spirit of fair play and good sportsmanship be emphasized.

In daily life; we are forming habits, ideals, appreciations, and attitudes concerning our surrounding conditions. Therefore, the school should be instrumental in forming the kind of habits, ideals, appreciations, and attitudes, which are thought to be most worthwhile. In doing so, the school can help the student in solving his problems on a plane appropriate to his own interest, abilities, and present accomplishments. This procedure will enable the student to use initiative and judgment, originality and the use of proved rules, creative self-expression, and proper appreciation for the work of others, individuality and co-operative group enterprise and freedom within limits.

Unlike the school of yore, today's school is one in which the student is the centre of interest, the teacher is a wise counselor and guide instead of a slave driver or task-master. The teacher is interested in the students' activities, intellectual and social; he becomes an active member of the social group. What a contrast between the present-day teacher and the age-old school master who stood over his class with a book in one hand and a rod in the other!

Each individual is different from every other person. There are various natures for a school to deal with, so that the individual traits and characteristics in the student may be brought out. Every student, in the right environment, and rightly aided, loves to work, and can and will keep himself profitably employed. It is the school's duty to organize the work so that the student may learn how to learn, as well as what to learn. Power to think, to accomplish, to enjoy co-operative work, is the right of every student.

The second factor is the traits developed in the student:

If the student has the proper instruction in high school, certain qualities are bound to be brought out in him. In each Senior different qualities will be observed.

If the student is diligent through the four years of high school he will represent what we would expect in a person of this type. Honesty is probably the greatest and most outstanding quality which the diligent student should represent. By honesty, he will be able to continue as he has through school with a fine view on everything. Honesty in the school room, in athletics, in social groups, and, lastly, with himself, is displayed in the ideal student. But, how many students, having reached their Senior year are able to say to themselves, "I have been honest with others and with myself?" The number of students who possess this wonderful quality are fewer than the others, but the example set by those possessing this quality does have great influence on the majority of the students.

Intelligence is another quality that a high school Senior should represent. The desire of nearly every student is to acquire more learning. The Senior should be a reflection, at least in a small way, of the knowledge which he has striven to attain.

Some students are talented in certain subjects: art, music, science, literature, invention, or philosophy, as the case may be. In this way, intelligence may be expressed in various lines of endeavor.

Loyalty is one of the most commendable qualities in a student. Loyalty to the school above all else, loyalty to the faculty, loyalty to the supervising heads of the school, and loyalty to fellow classmen, should be displayed by the Senior. The student who is loyal is one on whom everybody can rely. Throughout the four years of high school, we have been taught the meaning of loyalty and why it is so absolutely essential in our lives. Thus, the Senior should be loyal because he realizes the meaning of loyalty and its importance. Good sportsmanship and loyalty go hand in hand. Wherever you find loyalty, you're bound to find good sportsmanship, and vice versa.

Self-confidence is a wonderful thing. A Senior should have a certain amount of confidence in himself, because he has reached his goal thus far. Without a small bit of confidence the student would be unable to progress through his high school years. Self-confidence instills a sense of surety in the attainment of the student's aspirations.

A Senior should express sincerity in his work and to his associates. To gain the full value of our school years it is necessary that we show in our work and in our lives a sincerity which we truly feel.

The Senior bearing these qualifications may feel with confidence that he is well equipped for the next adventure in higher education.

In the last analysis, what a Senior should represent is determined largely by the activities and interests offered to the student by the school:

The development of sports and athletics, inducing the feeling of fair play and good sportsmanship in the student; the forming of the right kind of habits, ideals, appreciations, and attitudes which are most worthwhile; the coping with individual characteristics and traits in the student; the organizing of the work so that the student may *learn how to learn*.

The high school Senior also determines what he should represent through the qualities reflected by him: Diligence, in work and all other activities; honesty, in the school room, in athletics, in social groups, and with himself; intelligence, being a reflection of the knowledge which he has striven to attain; loyalty, to the school, and to fellow-classmen; self-confidence, giving him a sense of surety; sincerity, in his work, and to his associates.

All these things and many more go to make up the things a high school Senior should represent.

—J. B.

Senior Who's Who

Most Intelligent Boy.....	Hampton Baylor
Most Intelligent Girl	Lois Pleasants
Most Popular Boy.....	Carlyle Kennedy
Most Popular Girl	Alsie Myers
Most Original Boy.....	Jack Lough
Most Original Girl.....	Marguerite Childress
Most Talented Boy.....	Jack Lough
Most Talented Girl.....	Eloise Henkel
Best All-round Boy.....	Hampton Baylor
Best All-round Girl.....	Josephine Barnett
Biggest Pest.....	Anne Dally
Biggest Bum.....	Charles Phipps
Prettiest Girl.....	Alsie Myers
Best-Looking Boy.....	David Coiner
Student Most Likely to Succeed.....	Lois Pleasants
Student Who Has Done Most for the School.....	Josephine Barnett
Laziest	Clemmer Coyner
Class Sheik	John Yancey
Class Vamp	Anne Dally
Wittiest Boy.....	Carlyle Kennedy
Wittiest Girl	Marguerite Childress
Best Boy Athlete	Gordon Breuer
Best Girl Athlete.....	Marie Kibler



Junior Class

OFFICERS

CARL CRAIG	President
BILL HOGG	Vice-President
ARNOLD DE VIGNIER	Secretary and Treasurer
CAROLINE WALKER	Historian

MEMBERS

DAVID BOWMAN
LILIE BUCHANAN
ALBERTA CHAPLIN
MARY ELLEN COX
CATHERINE COYNER
CARL CRAIG
MARY SUE CRAIG
LOUISE CULLEN
ELIZABETH DRIVER
ANTHONY DUFFY
AURELIA FRANK
LUCILLE FRANK
THELMA GOLLADAY
MATTHEW'S GRIFFITH
WILBUR GROVE
J. J. HARNER
RESSIE HARNER
ALBERT HAWKINS

WILLIAM HOGG
MARY HUTCHENS
ROBERT JENKINS
TED KIGER
ELIZABETH KLINE
MARY E. MARKS
AGNES MCCLUNG
RUTH MEEK
SARAH MILLER
ENID MYERS
ELIZABETH NEASE
WILLIAM NEASE
TOM NOLAND
DOROTHEA OAS
AARON PANNILL
EDNA MAE PARMER
JAMES PREVATT

EVA ROBERTSON
JULIAN RYDER
STUART SAMPSON
CHARLENE SCHWAB
GENEVIEVE SCOTT
MONTAGU SCOTT
GARLAND SMITH
RUTH SNOW
JOHN SUDDARTH
JOE TERRY
RAYMOND THIEROFF
ELDON VASS
LYLE WAGNER
CAROLINE WALKER
GRACE WIMER
RAY WIMER
JESSIE WITT
CHARLOTTE WRIGHT



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

WILBUR ROSS *President*
 BILLY BRAGG *Vice-President*
 PAULINE THACKER *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

ROBERT AREY
 MAYNARD BABER
 SARA VIRGINIA BAKER
 MARY BAKER
 FRANK BLESSING
 BILLY BRAGG
 JAMES BRANAMAN
 H. D. BRUMFIELD
 MARY LEE BRUMFIELD
 AGNES BUCHANAN
 ELIZABETH CALVERT
 ALLEN CARRIER
 DELLA CLARK
 WILLIAMSON CLARK
 JOSEPH COYNER
 HELEN CRAIG
 ELIZABETH CRICKENBERGER
 THOMAS CULTON
 WILLIAM CULTON
 ELIZABETH FAY DAVIES
 WILLIAM DAVIS
 CLEMANTINE DOYLE
 WINTON ELLSWORTH
 MARGARET FARRAR
 JAMES FITZGERALD
 CURTIS FLOYD
 VIRGINIA FOSTER

MARSHALL FREED
 ROBERT FREED
 ANNA GARBER
 STANLEY GARBER
 JAMES GORDON
 M. V. GRIFFITH
 MILDRED GROVE
 CECIL HARDING
 MARY FRANCES HAWKINS
 W. D. HENDERSON
 VIRGINIA HISERMAN
 HILDA HOLBERT
 EDWIN HOPKINS
 MARY HOUSER
 JAMES FILMER HUBBARD
 BARRY JONES
 PAUL KEYSER
 CLAUDE KIRBY
 MARY RUTH LEONARD
 CHARLINE MATTOX
 ELIZABETH McCLUNG
 JEAN McCLUNG
 MARJORIE MCGANN
 WILLIAM MEEK
 JANE MENELEE
 PATRICIA MENELEE
 EDNA MAE MITCHELL
 CORDELIA MOHLER

EAGLE MYERS
 THELMA O'CONNELL
 DOROTHY PARMER
 THEODORE PARMER
 CHARLES PATTERSON
 MARGIE LEE PHIPPS
 CONWAY POOL
 RUFUS ROBERTSON
 KATHERINE ROSS
 WILBUR ROSS
 ADA ROWE
 PHYLLIS SAUFLEY
 GEORGE SCOTT
 CLESTA SHARPE
 MABLE SHARPE
 MABLE SHIBLEY
 RALPH SPITZER
 MARY TANNER
 PAULINE THACKER
 RANDOLPH TUCKER
 ROBERT VIA
 CLARENCE WAGNER
 JEWELL WEBB
 ROBERT WHITE
 WILLIAM WHITE
 MARY WIMER
 MARY YANCEY



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

JIMMY HOGG	<i>President</i>
JULIUS STOMBOCK	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES KIGER	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

ELEANOR ALDHIZER
 HENRY BARNETT
 MARY BARTLETTE
 HAZEL BARKER
 RAY BEVERAGE
 WILSON BLACK
 FANNY BLACKWELL
 IMOGENE BURTON
 LOUISE CALFEE
 HAZEL CAMPBELL
 DAVID CASH
 RUBY CLATTERBAUGH
 LEWIS COINER
 MARY ELIZABETH COINER
 DARWIN COLEMAN
 CARTHON DAVIS
 FLOISE DAVIS
 WALLACE DODD
 RUBY ELY
 CHARLINE FAUBER

HALLIF FOLEY
 FRANCES FORTUNE
 BETTY GAMBLE
 CARROLL GOODWIN
 LOUISE HARMON
 KITTY HARNER
 GLENN HESS
 JIMMY HOGG
 VIRGINIA HOUGHTON
 VIRGINIA HUGHSON
 EVELYN JONES
 FRANCIS KIGER
 WILLIAM KLINE
 WINSTON MARTIN
 ELLA HESTER MATHENY
 DAISY MCCLUNG
 DAVID McLAUGHLIN
 ROBERT MEINHARD
 LOUISE MORRIS
 MALVOLA MULLEN
 PEARL NIDAY

CLETUS PANNELL
 ROGER PLEASANTS
 LEONARD RODGERS
 MARJORIE ROSS
 RAYMOND ROWE
 CYRUS SCHWAB
 EVELYN SHUMATE
 JULIUS STOMBOCK
 JOSEPH SUDDARTH
 ELINOR TERRELL
 KATHERINE TERRELL
 PHYLLIS TERRELL
 MALCOLM TEW
 ANNA TUCKER
 LOUISE WAGNER
 ROSA WINE
 VANCE WINE
 ESTELLE WOOD
 RUTH WORTH
 JOSEPHINE YOUNG

Activities

Activities

This school year, 1932-1933, has been an exceedingly busy one for the students. A greater interest has been taken not only in Athletics but also in other school activities as well.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is a representative group of students to whom the government of the student body is entrusted in that it suggests penalties and punishments for offending pupils. All the students share in the selection of this council, one representative being chosen from each room.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Woodrow Wilson High School has three literary societies, one named for Edgar Allen Poe, one for Sidney Lanier, and the other for the "father of the school," Mr. A. C. Kimler. These give training in democratic citizenship and social development. The Societies hold regular bi-weekly meetings on Wednesday mornings at which time very interesting and instructive programs are given by the members.

Each year contests in reading, spelling, public speaking, and debating are held within the societies. The winners represent the school in competition with other schools in the district held annually at the University of Virginia during the month of May, under the auspices of the Virginia Literary and Athletic League.

SPANISH CLUB

The purpose of the Spanish Club is to increase interest in the study of Spanish. This club meets twice a month and all of the members profess to be accomplished linguists.

WILSON CHORAL CLUB

The Woodrow Wilson Choral Club was organized in 1931 under the direction of Professor Martin G. Manch. It was reorganized in 1932 under the direction of the same person with about thirty or forty members. In the fall this club gave a recital in the Jackson Auditorium for the benefit of the Welfare Alliance and realized a large sum of money as the result. Early in the spring the club went to Richmond and presented a program which lasted a half hour over station WRVA. The club will also broadcast from Roanoke in a short time, and will present several musical numbers at the baccalaureate sermon services at commencement.

LATIN CLUB

The purposes of the Latin Club are to foster interest in Latin and to provide a means for extra activities in this subject. Classical programs given by the members every other Monday morning were of especial value to the students as a whole. Members of the Club wrote an original pageant which was presented at Chapel. As the Club gains in age it hopes to gain in scope of activities and usefulness.

The Latin representatives in the Virginia Latin and Literary Tournament sponsored by the University of Virginia are:

LATIN I—Mary Elizabeth Coyner
Mary Bartlett—Alternate

LATIN II—Jewell Webb
Phyllis Saufley—Alternate



Lanier Society

OFFICERS

WOODROW HEWITT	<i>President</i>
BILL CULTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELOISE HENKEL	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS TENNIE VAUGHN, MR. CHARLES HARMON.....	<i>Sponsors</i>

MEMBERS

JOSEPHINE BARNETT
 BILL BRAGG
 MARY LEE BRUMFIELD
 AGNES BUCHANAN
 DELLA CLARK
 WILLIAMSON CLARK
 DAVID COINER
 MARY SUE COINER
 MARY ELLEN COX
 MARY SUE CRAIG
 ELIZABETH CRICKENBERGER
 LOUISE CULLEN
 BILL CULTON
 TOM CULTON
 ELIZABETH FAY DAVIES
 WINTON ELLSWORTH
 JAMES FITZGERALD
 AURELIA FRANK
 LUCILE FRANK
 MARSHALL FREED

VIRGINIA FOSTER
 ANNA GARBER
 M. V. GRIFFITH
 MILDRED GUINN
 BILL HENDERSON
 ELOISE HENKEL
 WOODROW HEWITT
 MARY HOUSER
 PHIL HUBBARD
 MARY HUTCHENS
 CLAUDE KERBY
 ELIZABETH KLINE
 MARY LEONARD
 ELIZABETH McCLUNG
 MARY McCLUNG
 BILLY MEEK
 CORDELIA MOHLER
 EAGLE MYERS
 ELIZABETH NEASE
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The Wilsonian of 1933

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The Senior Plays

THE PLAY program that was given by the Senior Class on April 28, was composed of three one-act plays. They were, "*In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy*," a comedy; "*The Prodigal Comes Home*," a religious play, and "*Half-Way Jimmy*," a tragedy.

The scene for, "*In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy*," is laid in Paris. The five "J's", as they are called, with their chaperon are on a pleasure tour around the world. While they are in Paris they meet up with an old friend, Dicky Trent. He is invited to the hotel where they are staying. He gets on very friendly terms with the girls and in turn proposes to each of the six. The girls find out that he has made six different proposals and decide to play a joke on him. Each girl writes him a note and accepts his proposal. The way that he escapes the girls and goes back to his home town is very comical. The cast:

Mrs. Jack Hilliard, <i>a chaperon</i>	Marie Kibler
Jean Laurens.....	Dorthea Frye
Jacqueline Vance.....	"Polly" Dunlap
Jo Struthers.....	Mary Sue Booker
Julia Osborne.....	Dorothy Ross
Janet Mason.....	Anne Dally
Marie, <i>a maid</i>	Glenna Ross
Dicky Trent, <i>the young man</i>	John Yancey

The scene for "*The Prodigal Comes Home*," is laid in Palestine. This play is taken from the Bible story of the "Prodigal Son." At the beginning of the play, Naomi, the prodigal's mother, and Manasseh, the prodigal's father are grieving over their lost son. Through the entire play their son, Joel, is the central subject of conversation. At the end of the play he makes his return and all is well. The cast:

Naomi, <i>the Prodigal's Mother</i>	Lois Pleasants
Laban, <i>Her Elder Son</i>	William McClung
Deborah, <i>Laban's Betrothed</i>	Eloise Henkel
Manasseh, <i>the Prodigal's Father</i>	Curtis Bowman
Servant, <i>in Manasseh's Household</i>	Odelle Jones
Leah, <i>Deborah's Mother</i>	Katherine McCray
Ezra, <i>Manasseh's Neighbor</i>	Paul Grove
Joel, <i>Manasseh's Younger Son, the Prodigal</i>	Gordon Breuer

The scene for "*Half-Way Jimmy*" is laid in the Wells' Apartment in uptown New York. Jean Wells, the sister of Tom Wells, is in love with Jimmy Shea, a would-be gangster. He tries to make her believe that he is honest and straight—but in the end he is proved to be a crook and not worthy of her love. Some of the gangsters with whom he is associated "get him" and he is shot dead by a machine gun. The cast:

Tom Wells, <i>a Reporter</i>	David Coiner
Jean Wells, <i>his Sister</i>	Hazel Coyner
Jimmy Shea, " <i>Half-Way Jimmy</i> ".....	Harold Aldhizer
Schultz, <i>a Gangster</i>	Woodrow Hewitt
Boggs, <i>a Gangster</i>	Emory Hollar
Rum Morgan, <i>a Gangster</i>	Carlyle Kennedy



THE PRODIGAL COMES HOME
 HALF-WAY JIMMY
 IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Things That I Knew All The Time, But You Never Knew Until Now

That Lois Pleasants sits up Friday nights till eleven o'clock, to listen to Nino Martini, a famous Metropolitan tenor—and Eloise Henkel sits up with her

That John Yancey, *Our Business Manager*, forgot to sign his name to a letter recently. Was his face red

That Harold Aldhizer thinks he's a second Rudy Vallee

That Hampton Baylor's girl in Harrisonburg has brown hair and is also a star basketball player. (Wonder if she knows that he still shoots marbles)

That Curtis Bowman has been told he grins like Doug Fairbanks, Jr. AND he has been said to be both a numbskull and a wise boy by the same person What do you think?

That although Gordon Breuer takes bookkeeping, he has never been known to come to class with sufficient materials

That Clemmer Coyner thought his picture would be the best-looking in the annual and he did not think that he should be the laziest boy in the Senior Class (He doesn't sleep but three hours out of the five)

That Bob Oas loves flowers Fancy his liking anything!

That Mr. Ritchie can't stand with both feet on the floor

That Mrs. Pace is still puffing and blowing after walking up First Street hill after seven years! AND she is undecided whether John Yancey will ever learn how to propose!

That Joe Terry doesn't understand just why prices increase with demand

That Glenna Ross surprised everyone with her Class Prophecy. We all knew she thought she could write—but none of us knew she *could*

That Jerry McClung was a good sport and didn't mind being Laban in the biblical play. He was the only boy in the play who didn't kick because of his part

That Odelle Jones is the only *decided* brunette girl in the Senior Class

That Mary Sue Booker knows more about photography than Mr. Hiserman (Just ask Mr. Hiserman!)

That Margaret Baker detests "Maggie", but likes being called "Bobbie"—just another way of being mock-masculine

That Evelyn Coyner is undecided which teacher she likes best

That Anne Dally always receives six bids to each dance AND is almost the youngest Senior in our Class

That "Dave" Coiner's middle name might mean "Bridge"—being "Trestle"

That "Polly" Dunlap does Clemmer Coyner's bookkeeping

That Sally Miller does not like V. P. I. as well as she once did.

That it took Mr. Fentress *three nights* to work a jig-saw puzzle! ! AND he remarked that the Junior Class picture looked like the students were half-asleep Some bright student replied that they had just got out of *History Class!*

That Carlyle Kennedy never gets tired entertaining the classes

That Nellie Brown Coyner worried more about getting the Senior pictures taken than she did about graduating

That Home Ec. is Hazel Coyner's favorite study

That the Hewitt boys, when absent from school right after Xmas, claimed they had been to Chicago

That Jo Barnett can make gorgeous chocolate pies and other things besides play the piano and edit annuals

That Marguerite Childress says she doesn't know anyone by the name of "Charlie" Wonder if that is so

That Montagu Scott would rather argue about something that he knows nothing about than something he does

Athletics



Sports

THE 1932 Wilson Football team was very successful. The season ended with Wilson's having won six out of nine scheduled games.

Much credit should be given to those who were responsible for this wonderful season.

To Coach Grubbs and his hard-working squad goes the lion's share; but we should not underestimate the work of Mr. Ellison Loth, Mr. McComb, and Mr. Berkeley Glenn, who revived football at Wilson in 1930 and formed a foundation for the team of 1932.

Although the team of 1933 will be without the services of nine men of this year's squad, the prospects for a successful season in 1933 are very bright.

Long before the season opened the followers of the Wilson Basketball Teams let it be known that they expected great things of the team of 1932. It is true that Wilson had made a record to be proud of during the three seasons prior to 1932, but followers of the team overlooked the fact that only two regulars returned in September of 1932. With such a handicap to overcome, the squad got down to real work before the Christmas holidays, but the results of the early games were disappointing. The team lacked the fight which had characterized the teams of previous years. Therefore, in an attempt to gain this essential quality, Coach Fentress began experimentations which resulted in the great combination of Gordon, Baylor, Breuer, Grove, and Culton. Then, to strengthen this combination, Bowman and Hogg could be called on to fill any position, in case of an emergency.

The team closed its regular schedule with a win over Lee High, making the thirteenth win out of a schedule of 17 games. This record in itself is splendid. But, to add to this, the team won a post-season game from the strong quintet representing the Charlottesville "Fives."

Wilson boasts of having had the best girls' basketball team in a number of years. The team completed the season's schedule with twelve victories, as against one defeat.

The season's record can be attributed to the fact that every player on the squad was willing to work whole-heartedly for the welfare of the team and school. With such a spirit existing among the players, Coach Grubbs was able to get great results from his teaching of the finer points of the game. We give the squad and Coach Grubbs our congratulations on such a record, neither should we overlook the services rendered by Mrs. Frank Sweet, during the seasons of 1930 and 1931, in helping to restore girls' basketball at Wilson High.

For the past five or six years, Wilson High has stressed every form of athletics except track. This year an attempt is being made to revive the interests in this form of athletics. Prospects for a good season are rather favorable, and it is hoped, that this team will hold its own beside the other teams of the district in the annual state meet, which will be held in Charlottesville on May 13, 1933.

Great progress is being made this year toward the making of a tennis team. Heretofore, there has been great interest in this sport, but the boys and girls lacked a leader. This year, Mr. Ritchie has taken a great interest in the game, and already a great change in the attitude of the boys and girls toward this form of athletics has been noted.

We are proud of our baseball nine, which has, so far this season, kept a clean slate. Out of eight encounters of a seventeen game schedule, Wilson has scored, against strong opposition, a total of 123 runs to our opponent's 27.

Our infield, composed of Culton, Grove, P., Hewitt, and Jenkins, was admittedly one of the best in this part of the state; while our outfield composed of Hollar, Bragg, Kennedy, and Grove, W., was faultless in snagging those long flies that so often break up a game. Hewitt's pitching was a feature of many of the games. The other pitchers, Branaman and Garber, showed signs of developing pitching ability which will spell future trouble for Wilson's opponents.

In most games of the season the team played with practically no miscues to its discredit.

To the team for its fine co-operation and to Coach Grubbs for his aggressive leadership goes the appreciation of the entire school.



Football

Coach—HARRY L. GRUBBS

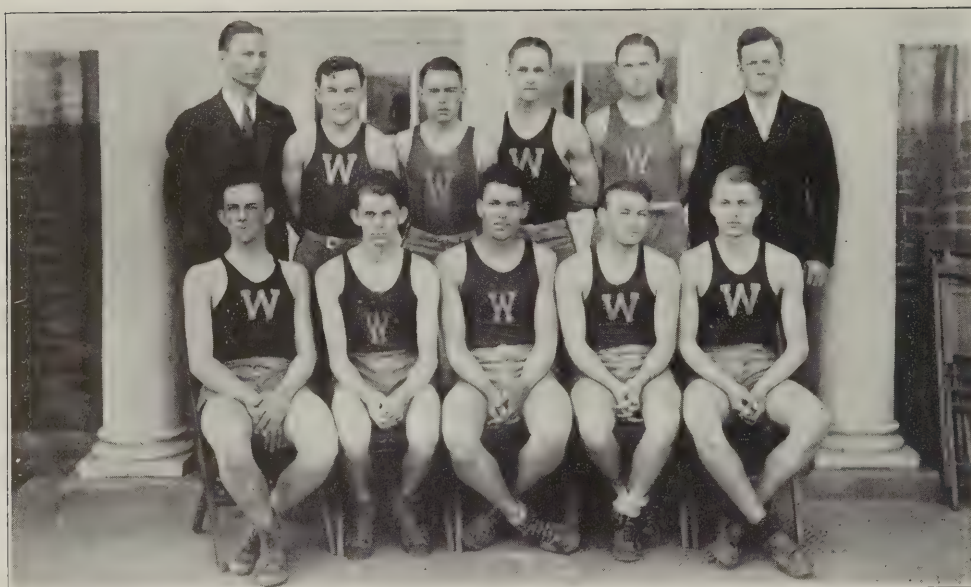
Manager—CARL CRAIG

LINE-UP

KENNEDY	L. E.	VIA	E.
BRAGG	L. T.	HOGG	T.
HEWITT	L. G.	COINER	G.
DE VIGNIER	C.	CULTON	C.
HEWITT	R. G.	McCLUNG	G.
HUBBARD	R. T.	HAWKINS	T.
BAYLOR	R. E.	JENKINS	E.
WARD	F. B.	NOLAND	T.
GORDON	H. B.	LOUGH	H. B.
BREUFR (c)	H. B.	HOLLAR	Q. B.
CULTON	Q. B.		

SCHEDULE

WILSON	OPPONENTS	PLACE
6	Miller School..... 0	Here
7	Lee High..... 12	There
7	Harrisonburg	There
14	Valley High	There
14	Charlottesville Fives	Here
7	A. M. A.	Here
7	Luray High..... 6	There
34	Valley High	Here
0	Miller School	There



Boy's Basketball

Coach—J. V. FENTRESS

Manager—WOODROW HEWITT

LINE-UP

BILL GROVEC.
 GORDON BREUERF.
 JAMES GORDONG.
 HAMPTON BAYLORF.
 TOM CULTONG.
 CLEMMER COYNERF.

SUBSTITUTES:

EMORY HOLLARG.
 JACK LOUGHF.
 WILLIAM MCCLUNGC.
 BILL BRAGGG.
 J. J. HARNERF.

SCHEDULE

DATE	OPPONENTS	PLACE	WE	THEY
January 10.....	Bridgewater	There	16	26
January 13	Clifton Forge	Here	36	14
January 17.....	Lane High	Here	36	28
January 20.....	Covington	There	7	29
January 24.....	Harrisonburg	There	15	13
January 31	V. S. D. B.	There	14	38
February 3.....	Robert E. Lee	Here	28	24
February 7.....	Harrisonburg	Here	24	18
February 10	Lane High	There	34	17
February 14	Bridgewater	Here	36	17
February 17	V. S. D. B.	Here	32	17
February 21.....	Lexington	There	25	13
February 24	Robert E. Lee	There	33	23
March 1.....	Charlottesville	Here	36	32



Girls' Basketball

Coach—HARRY L. GRUBBS

Manager—DOROTHEA OAS

LINE-UP

KIBLER (c)	L. G.	ROSS	G. and C.
SNOW	R. G.	HOLBERT	G.
MARKS	J. C.	McCLUNG	C.
BUCHANAN	S. C.	BAKER	F.
HISERMAN	R. F.	THACKER	F.
McCARTY	L. F.		

SCHEDULE

WILSON	OPPONENTS	PLACE
18	Beverley Manor	18 Here
13	Fishersville	7 There
25	Beverley Manor	12 There
30	Weyers Cave	13 Here
24	Alumni	16 Here
22	V. S. D. B.	7 Here
19	Harrisonburg	26 There
25	V. S. D. B.	13 Here
48	Charlottesville	21 Here
29	Harrisonburg	13 Here
24	Charlottesville	7 There
15	St. Anne's	12 There



Baseball

Coach—HARRY L. GRUBBS

Manager—BILL HOGG

LINE-UP

CULTON	Catcher	GROVE	Fielder
GROVE	First Base	HOLLAR	Fielder
WARD	Second Base	KENNEDY	Fielder
HEWITT	Shortstop	HEWITT	Pitcher
JENKINS	Third Base	GARBER	Pitcher
BRAGG	Fielder	BRANAMAN	Pitcher

SUBSTITUTES: HUBBARD, CULTON, TUCKER, AREY, BOWMAN, COINER, BABER

SCHEDULE

DATE	OPPONENTS	PLACE	WE	THEY
March 23	New Hope ✓	Here	20	3
March 27	Stuarts Draft	Here	11	2
March 31	Fishersville	There	31	4
April 4	Beverley Manor	There	15	1
April 7	Fishersville	Here	23	6
April 11	New Hope	There	6	3
April 12	Fishburne	There	Rained out.	
April 14	Beverley Manor	Here		
April 18	Mount Sidney	There		
April 21	Fives	Here		
April 25	Mount Sidney	Here		
April 28	Shenandoah	There		
May 2	Fives	There		
May 4	Bridgewater	Here		
May 9	Harrisonburg	Here		
May 12	Bridgewater	There		
May 16	Shenandoah	Here		
May 19	Harrisonburg	There		



Track

Coach—J. V. FENTRESS

Manager—JAMES GORDON

LINE-UP

100-yard Dash.....	BREUER, LOUGH, HENDERSON
220-yard Dash	BREUER, LOUGH, HENDERSON
440-yard Dash	BREUER, LOUGH, HENDERSON
One-half Mile	NOLAND
Low Hurdles	HARNER
High Jump	BREUER
Broad Jump	BREUER
Discus	HENDERSON
Javelin	BREUER, NOLAND
Shot Put	GROVE, HENDERSON, BAYLOR

SCHEDULE

DATE	OPPONENTS
April 21.....	Beverley Manor
April 27.....	Lee High
May 12.....	Shenandoah
May 19.....	Harrisonburg



Our Coaches

Under the excellent supervision of our two coaches, Mr. John V. Fentress and Mr. Harry L. Grubbs, the athletic teams of Woodrow Wilson High School have made splendid records. Both of these able coaches received their athletic training at the College of William and Mary.

To Mr. Fentress we owe the honor of developing a boys' basketball team that has had the distinction of being runner-up in the District or State finals for the past four years. This year our track team is under the direction of Coach Fentress and we feel assured that his ability as a track coach is equal to that shown in basketball.

Although this is Mr. Grubbs' first year with us he has turned out excellent teams in three fields of athletics. He coached one of the strongest grid teams at Wilson High and one of the strongest in Class B competitions of the state. Not only did he develop football but the girls' basketball team under his supervision was a marvel. This same ability and enthusiastic spirit is the main factor in the great success of our baseball nine which has so far been undefeated.

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